

UNGAWA!

issue #3

Tura Satana
Kenneth Anger
Brain frying movies
Jean Rollin and more!



DEVANCE SPECIAL

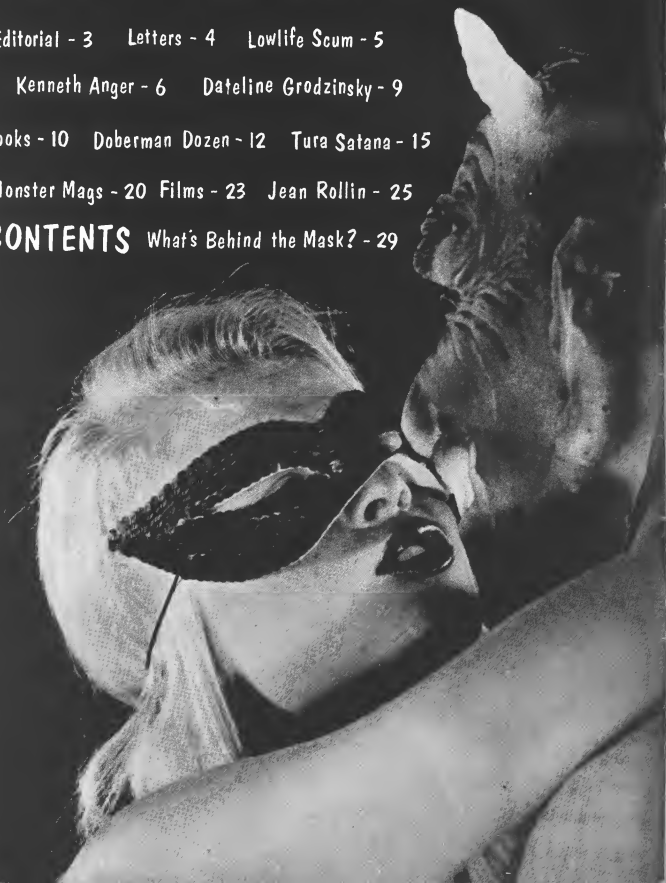
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It's time to get hot'n'heavy and feel the fiery breath of Ungawa! The rag that doesn't try to be different. It's just that everything else looks so much the same. This is no speech, no sermon on the mount, it's a fact - here in Ungawa! HQ we relish contention and diversity. It makes for more fun. In this issue we celebrate all sorts of folk and things that went against the grain of their time, sometimes they were laughed at and cheapened. But they followed their dreams and desires and didn't just pop on a leather jacket to become part of the crowd. Generally, you can recognise them by the derision and confused laughter they provoked. From the humble monster magazine to the feisty hellcat, they had something to say and something magical to be savoured.

Nowadays, cliché touters call it 'Trash Culture' but who

wants to bend anybody's brain with loaded words like Trash and Art. This type of blather is merely for the saps, those groaners who don't have enough balls to spit out what they really think. Who needs them? Nobody.

But enough of the frisson of debate, let's get down to practicalities. The wind of change is blowing through Ungawa! and a few of the trusty team are heading to the Dark Continent for the next six months. Mother Africa calls and we must answer. But don't despair, there will be no let-up in publication just expect a few unusual additions. Now's the time if you want to get involved, if you want to write, draw or just plain type or print feel free to write in and offer your services ... especially from overseas.

So, until next we meet, it's goodbye from your pal,
Foss.

UNGAWA! Editors - Foss Hagman & Cathal Tohill.

Writers Doug Balding, Mike Wathen, Zorba the Geek, T.B Grodzinski (the mouth that walks like a man!), Deena Schwartzbaum, Cathal Tohill, Honey Parker, Cee Bee Mordin, Andy Calahan, Moose McGill, Liam Killen, Mondo Sanchez. Artwork El Knoxo Grande, Simon Birrell, Jim Ryan, Mark Robinsonace Backwards.

Layout Cee Tee & Cee Bee Translations Pete Tombs.

Special thanks to Doug Balding/Arête Magazine, Steve C, Art Ziegler, Glittering Images, Jettisounds Channel X/Jonathan Ross, Tina K, Aran and Adrian.

UNGAWA! (incorporating the now legendary - NATION of FINKS, Wall of Flesh and Cauldron of Lust!!!) is published around 2-3 times a year. All articles are copyright individual writers or Grab-joint Productions. Subscriptions, massive bribes, naked photos, recipes and assorted freebies can sent with fervour to ... UNGAWA! P.O. BOX 1764, London NW6 2EQ, ENGLAND.

BACK ISSUES Limited numbers of issue 1 & 2 are available at inflated prices ... send a SAE/2 IRC's for details or save your flagging shekels for The Best of Ungawa! Coming soon to a store near you!;





Tell it to Honey!

There's a Party at the Geinstead Tonight!

We read with interest the article about Ed Gein... specifically the part about Wisconsin being 'dead'... the Gein book 'Deviant' along with the book written by the judge, were written to sensationalize the guy. Actually, Gein probably killed just 2 people. All that shit about finding hearts and noses and other human parts in pots and pans just didn't happen. Although there were lampshades and things supposedly made out of human skin, investigators at the time really couldn't say whether it really was human skin or animal skin. We've been through Plainfield a few times, and also know the police who initially investigated the guy some 30 odd years ago. My dad worked with the son of the woman who was killed in the hardware store. Ed was a little screwball who killed a couple people and got a thrill from cleaning and gutting the bodies. As for Wisconsin, it's anything but dead. Hell, if anything else, the parties are enough to kill most men!

Bob Katerzynske - Bob is the editor of the excellent *Videomania*, the mag for real video collectors (and party goers!). Sample issue 5 from *Videomania*, P.O. Box 47, Princetown, Wisconsin 54968, USA.

My wife and I are both fans of your publication, it certainly brought us closer together. Surely 'Kiss Me Quick' was directed by Harry Novak and not Russ Meyer as all the text books say. We are hoping that you will be able to supply us with some additional information about Criswell, the great Seer. Mr & Mrs D A Harding, Lime Road, Scarborough. 'Kiss Me Quick', The hand of Harry Novak is definitely there, but that's yet to be confirmed. Research is underway about Criswell, more about the Master sometime.



As a long standing Fredric Brown fan, I was intrigued to see your feature on the great writer. However, I have one major quibble in that the piece had little to do with what goes on in the works of Fred Brown and more to do with directors like Dario Argento... A Austin, Canonbury Lane, London. You can't please everybody... a more Fred orientated piece will be appearing in a new magazine devoted to pulp writers - coming out early next year.

Life north of the border can be dreary, but there are ways around the monotony and tedium. I've become a Joe d'Amato freak and now have over 50 originals by the master. Another fave is Bruno Mattai... My friend Graham enjoys himself by bumming my Kermit the frog doll and doing other obnoxious things to it. Is there any hope if you live in Scotland? Gary Needham alias J d'Amato, Glasgow.

No!

Picked up issue 1 of your magazine and enjoyed it even if I'm not a film and video nut. A few of your pieces included names which were quite new to me. Rudy Ray Moore for example. But a few days after reading that interview I noticed a Rudy Ray Moore poster in my local mini cab firm's office. I was truly struck dumb by the sight of Rudy. It seems Ungawal type material is everywhere!! C P Talbot, Market Road, London.

Page over Page

Good to see a feature on Betty my idol. I've had my hair cut like her... and it looks surprisingly good.

(Mr) Bertie Page, North Road, Birmingham

Do we need more readers like this?????

Betty Page... she was never particularly good looking, but she had expressive features ideal for bondage and active shots rather than the bland good looks required for pin up shots. The Bunny Yeager shots hold little appeal compared to the Klaw work.

G Williams, Mickleover, Derby.

Sheesh... Betty's no beauty, I'd like to see what you've got at home pal.

BETTY, I must have even more Betty. She thrills me and makes me squirm with pleasure. I'll get all my friends to subscribe to your magazine if you'll only print more Betty. She's gorgeous!!

Sister Whiplash, The Order of Perpetual Indulgence (address withheld).

Sister Whiplash, The Back cover is just for you!!!!



Kenneth Anger - filmmaker, magus, mythmaker and documenter of the scandals that rocked tinseltown. Let's face it, the guy's a living legend... always perceptive and entertaining, any interview with him will kick out useful ideas, facts and revelations. In fact, just the type of stuff we smack out lips over at Ungawa.H.Q.

Like him, we're fascinated by the glitter and dirt of Hollywood. Doug Baldino chatted to the maestro of movie magic just recently and he talked freely about those early Hollywood scandals and other hot stuff.

look back with ANGER

What was Hollywood like when you started?

That was in 1935. That was still the Golden Age. Even though the rest of the country was still in a Depression..Hollywood had juggled its product, so even though some studios had scares about bankruptcy and had to cut salaries at one point, they still were thriving. It was an ideal kind of escapism. They may have helped save the country from - who knows? revolution or something. They could go and see Shirley Temple instead of demonstrating in the streets.

How long did that Golden Age last?

The real Golden Age was before I was born, in the twenties. Those were the pioneer days. It was the age when a director could do amazing things and get away with it. Later on directors had to fit with a studio pattern, and if they didn't they were fired. The producer was the real boss. If he didn't like the rushes... There were few directors who could manoeuvre the apparatus of Hollywood and have their own way. Orson Welles could really only do it with one film, 'Citizen Kane'. The second film 'The Magnificent Ambersons', was taken from him and recut. I talked to him about it, and according to him it was ruined, even though it still seems like a nice film. And there was a whole ending, with just a hand-held camera wandering through the empty house. It was very spooky. That's all lost. But a director who got away with it, who could do what he wanted was Preston Sturges. I love his films. Very original.

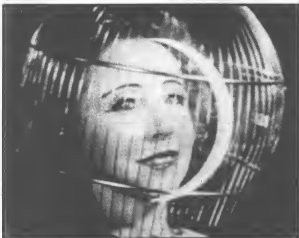
ANGER ON VIDEO

During the Sixties and Seventies, Anger was one of the darlings of the art house set and his films were screened for small audiences at art colleges, museums and other cultured watering holes. Now that his films are available on video, perhaps the magic, fun and perversity of his flicks will be appreciated by a wider audience.

There's plenty to get your juices going in the 4 volume Magick Lantern Cycle, and many of the shorts are great enough to be enjoyed again and again. Though some will moan about the very short running time, about 40 minutes per tape, I found nothing to quibble about... you just end up savouring each short like ice cream.

Two volumes stand out as the obvious ones to sample first: Vol 3 (Scorpio Rising, Kustom Kar Kommandos, Puce Moment), and Vol 1 (Fireworks, Eau d'Artifice, Rabbits Moon). Scorpio Rising needs no introduction... with rock'n'roll, religion and diabolism, it's a unique document. But **Kustom Kar Kommandos** and **Puce Moment** are just as much fun. If the sight of some obsessive teen dusting his customised roadster with a pink powder puff while the soundtrack bleats out **Dream Lover** doesn't make you belly laugh nothing will!!!! Sample Vols 3 & 1 first and if you're feeling pretty flush you can check out the other more magick orientated volumes.

.....
(Kenneth Anger Magick Lantern Cycle 4 Vols available from Jettisoundz Video, P.O. Box 30, Lytham St Annes, FY8 1RF, England. (Price £19.95 per volume).



Inauguration



Clara
Bow

What about Hitchcock?

Hitchcock, of course. He was one of my idols. I was able to meet him. We had lunch together in Paris.

What caused the break-up of the studio system in the fifties?

It happened through a convergence of things; the studios losing their theatre chains, so they could no longer have a guaranteed outlet for their product which in retrospect seems like a mistake. Some studios are trying to put back theatres. Actually when I was a kid, if you went to a Fox theatre and saw a Fox movie, it was always perfectly projected. It was always in focus, it was always the right arc chains and there was nothing dimming out. There was something about it being a house theatre showing a house product. It had this whole pride of presentation, which is almost a lost art now. Going to movie theatres is becoming a pretty iffy experience. There's been a general decline. There are certainly no movie palaces left which was the whole idea of a splendid place to see a splendid product.

Then the growth of agents . . . that helped break up the studios. The studios no longer had the big names - they belonged to an agency, like William Morris.

Did leaving Hollywood help you write about it?

It must have, because I always seemed to be writing about Hollywood somewhere else. I wrote the first *Hollywood Babylon* when I lived in France. The first version was written in French.

Was it easier to get it published in France?

I published it in France because I was living there, and it helped finance staying there. I was friends with the people who were running *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Truffaut, Goddard and all those people who made it famous as filmmakers. I used to tell them stories of old Hollywood, and they said you should do it as a book.

Where do you get your information?

I have lots of friends in the industry. When I was a child one of my best sources of information was my grandmother, Bertha Kohler, because she had worked as a costume mistress in silent films and had worked with Clara Bow, Pola Negri and Rudolf Valentino and she told me these stories about them. For me they were the equivalent of fairy tales.

Did she tell you the more risque stories?

Well, she'd hint at them. She was an unusual Grandmother . . . when I lived in Beverly Hills, I was a neighbour of Lupe

Velez 'the Mexican Spitfire', she killed herself rather than abort her unwanted pregnancy. I was there when she committed suicide. My book is slightly more colourful than the usual recounting of her death. It was firsthand information. I was actually able to go into the house and see her bedroom. People I couldn't meet here, I met in Europe. Like I met von Stroheim who ended his last years in Paris. A lot of it is talking to survivors.

What was von Stroheim like? was he as stern as he seemed in movies?

Not at all, he was a charming man. I think he was stern on the movie set. But he had a good sense of humour. He found a comfortable niche for himself in France. He was given the Legion of Honour.

He must have been disappointed with what happened to him in Hollywood.

His whole life was a symphony of disappointments. At the same time, he'd done some remarkable things. He had his way a few times. At least he had the vision to see what he wanted to do.

Some of the things in *Hollywood Babylon* are presented as rumour, like Clara Bow having sex with the USC football team - the Thundering Herd.

Right. There are things worthy of reporting because they become legends in their own right, whether there's an element of truth or not. She was friends with the football team via some publicity photos of her and the team. They were playing scrimmage on her lawn. I never talked to her, but I talked to a couple of the guys who confirmed it. There



Erich von Stroheim at rest

was a book about Clara Bow that came out recently that said I made it up, but I didn't. I recorded it as a legend, a rumour.

Didn't the coach make her off limits to the team?

She was off limits, yes. Actually it seems like a fairly harmless diversion compared to what sports figures are getting into nowadays.

Do you have to be careful only with what you say about the living? There was a case a couple of years ago when an Errol Flynn book came out that said he was a Nazi . . .

His daughters tried to make the case that it was hurting them, too, because he had already died. I know Charles



Lucifer Rising

Higham who wrote that book, and I think if Errol were alive, he couldn't have written it. The proof is sort of anecdotal. As far as dead people, my own sense of propriety tells me to make it truthful.

I did a chapter in 'Hollywood Babylon 2' on Frank Sinatra and the publisher made me cut it out. Three years later Kitty Kelly did her book on Sinatra and printed some of the things I would have had first shot at. She found a publisher who would take the risk. She said that his mother had worked as an abortionist in Hoboken and other things that weren't flattering. He decided not to sue, probably because it would have stirred things up much more.

In 'Hollywood Babylon 2' you have pictures of Cary Grant and Randolph Scott together but you don't have any text with it. The implication is there but you don't say anything.

I had a knockdown, drag-out fight with the publisher's lawyers over that chapter. Grant was still alive. What I wrote for the chapter was very cute. Grant sued Chevy Chase for calling him a fairy and I think there was an out-of-court settlement. So the publisher was nervous over that. Also my book was the first book about scandals they had ever done. They probably had about six lawyers working on the thing. Finally it ended up with the text being cut out, the pictures being left and just sort of cute captions. If I do 'Hollywood Babylon 3' maybe I'll clarify that. That's sort of scar tissue left from this battle.

What attracted you to these scandals in the first place?

I've always been. Some people were interested in model airplanes when they were kids. I wasn't. I always found scandals intriguing, ever since I was a kid. I found them similar to Greek myths. A lot of carryings on, the Gods on Olympus were quite scandalous.

What would you say was the first big Hollywood scandal?

Fatty Arbuckle was the first one who caught national attention, even though he was acquitted finally. It wrecked his career because the insinuations were strong enough to keep him off the screen as a comedian. Then within a very short time you had Wally Reid, who was the Robert Redford of his day, dying of drugs. You had Mabel Normand mixed up in a drug and murder scandal; and Mary Miles Minter mixed up in a murder scandal with Desmond Taylor. That brought in Will Hays as a censor, as a symbol of respectability. Even though the scandals are not taking place on the silver screen, it bounced back. Those very stringent censorship laws started, truly foolish laws that went on for years. The censor was in full swing right up to the mid-fifties. After 'The Moon is Blue' it began to go. It is rather amazing that the films turned out as good as they did, considering that many of the restrictions were ludicrous. Often a good director had to of fudge around

these roadblocks.

What Hollywood scandal interests you most?

It has to involve an all star cast. It's better if more than one star is involved. I think one that's absolutely fascinating, although the final truth will probably never be known because a thorough cover-up job was done, was the murder of Thomas Ince. And I do think it was murder. They said it was acute indigestion on Hearst's yacht, but apparently he was shot by William Randolph Hearst, and was making a pass at Marion Davies (Hearst's mistress). But the one who was making the pass at Marion was really Charlie Chaplin. It was one of those black comedies, of people chasing each other around in the dark. But I like that scandal because it takes place on a luxurious yacht, somewhere between San Diego and Catalina.

Are you interested in the most recent scandals?

I wish I could say I was. The trouble with scandal today is that the public is no longer scandalised. Maybe they're made uncomfortable by something like Roman Polanski and his nymphet, his thirteen year old girl, in the jacuzzi. But if something like that happened twenty or fifty years ago there would have been a lynch mob.

Or the use of drugs today, it's almost a shrug. Cocaine became bourgeoisified, middle class. When Bob Mitchum



Lupe Velez - the Mexican Spitfire

had his scandal, when he was caught smoking marijuana, most middle class Americans didn't know what it was. A reefer was something the jazz musicians were mixed up in or blacks. Bob Mitchum did his time on the honor farm, a few months, and it didn't hurt his career. It sort of enhanced his persona, if anything.

What would you include in your third book? Would you include something like the Belushi death?

I think now that there's more of a perspective on it, I would include that. It touches on another subject which I want to write about, and that's drug use in Hollywood today. It becomes very touchy, it's one thing to write about people carrying on in the Twenties. I feel that Hollywood's

infatuation with cocaine has peaked and people have become scared off to quite a degree, but there was a time in the seventies when certain directors would turn on their whole crew, including the cameramen. I'll swear you can tell on the screen. And it wasn't for the film's benefit.

Do you have any examples?

John Landis for one. But whether I'll actually publish something like that . . . My publisher's lawyers will have to decide, if I was printing it myself in the basement of my house it would be different.

things

Demonia

Superb French 'Skin Two' type magazine, contains useful addresses and sources for Stanton & John Willie Books etc. 40 Francs per issue, 15 cite Joly, 75011 Paris, France.

Mentertainment

P.O.Box 9445, Elizabeth, N.J. 07202, USA.

If you're a fend for Topless, Go-Go dancing and raunchy bump'n'grind this magazine/directory is for you . . . it's full of joints like Frank's Chicken House and there's even a state by state guide of where to go if you want action. \$3 will get you a sample issue.

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Dine in comfort and sample the local grub while feasting your eyes on the Bonnie & Clyde Death Car!! Bullet riddled, splattered - but in perfect working order! Visit this Castle in the desert and live!!



T.B. Grodzinski - 'The mouth that walks like a man' tosses out a few pearls of wisdom about **Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer**.

Opinions, I got plenty of them and I don't mind who hears them. I ain't particular. Know what I mean? Everyday - I get up, flick through the papers and magazines and you know what, I feel sick, I feel queasy just looking at the clatrap that's going round and round. . . .

Take that "**Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer**" flick, the one that all those middle-brow, jerk-head critics declared a "masterpiece", "a whammer", "one heavy piece of cinematic shit". Well when you hear so much high pitched brouha, you sort of got to step back and ask the humble question. WHY? In its early days (nearly 10 years ago) **Henry** had some problems, the distributors and other faceless bureaucrats said "It's too rough, tough, mean, real and brutal" for the average cinematic slurper. In short - it lacks finesse. . . . But boy, the minute you ban something, make it unavailable or whatever, you make it the most desirable thing on the whole planet. Know what I mean? So pretty soon **Henry** became a sort of cause celebre, and a must-see flick.

Although most film critics earn their crusts praising stinkola like "**Back to the Future 3**", there are some who also have a fondness for low-budget films and the sleazier side of the film biz. But if they came straight out and said this, they'd have to leave Fleet Street red-faced, it's tough enough there if you like horror, but sleaze . . . that's too close for comfort! Ultimately what you get is a few critics looking for a token piece of crudely made, unpolished cinema that they can safely promote . . . without losing their jobs, wives and critical (?) reputations.

Henry was just such a piece and as usual the tackheads got it wrong! It just isn't the one. In fact the more you praise it, applaud it - deify it, the more downright ordinary it becomes. It's hot air, it's inflation. Shove that shit. Just give me some honesty and let me make up my own mind . . . but oh no, what you get is a wad of plonky critics pulling out the hyperbole - "urging" punters to check out '**Henry**' the "future of horror", a "chilling" flick with "an almost Bressonian air of detachment." Oh Boy! What tripe. '**Henry**' is a fairly well made low budget flick, sincere but crude and with plenty of flaws. It has its good points, but hell, it totally misses the complexity and gut charisma of **Henry Lee Lucas** . . . so let's leave it at that.

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It's La Dolce Vita in Italy, especially when you can pick up books like these in any half decent bookstore. Over there they take Smut seriously, they talk about it, think about it, dissect its history and philosophise about the context and content. It's an accepted part of human nature.

The gang at **Glittering Images** have been putting out their glossy, thematic, highly educational, erotic pot-pourri for over 5 years now. So their catalogue is as extensive as it is breath-taking! I've picked out a few of the more choice items to give you some idea of what to start ordering.

DIVA CINEMA

Who can live without the erotic and the fabulous? Certainly not the editors of **Diva Cinema**, and in this slim volume they've pulled out a few films which ooze those elements to the full. Lists are compiled to be disagreed with, and while you may not agree with the films selected by the editors, you'll whoop and holler when you see the stills, rare ad-mats, extensive book and film lists and read the short and informative essays. An impure delight.



DIVA SATANICA

This volume will give you some idea of the **Glittering Image's** modus operandi. They take a theme, build and shape a few intelligent essays around the interesting areas, in this case: Alastair Crowley & sexual magick; sex and Blood in Hollywood; the Lure of the Damned; Witchcraft & Torture; Vampiric Love . . . Then, they pep up the English, French & Italian text with heaps of great illustrations whipped from juicy books, magazines, films and paintings. In short, a real grab bag of historic sleaze.

Other volumes in the series such as **Diva Blue**; **Diva the Image of Desire**; **Diva Bizarre**; **Diva une Certain Regard** are highly recommended. These cover tasty topics like Anais Nin, Russ Meyer, Irving Klaw, Luis Bunuel, Stag Films, 'X' films and Erich von Stroheim! A personal favourite is **Diva Puttana**, which is totally devoted to the history and representation of prostitutes. The only sour note is the inclusion of those arty hardcore type cartoons that Italians seem to relish. There's at least a couple of these in every volume.

(Each volume in the Diva series is 35,000 lire . . . around £15, postage and packing is an extra 10,000 lire).



COLLECTION OF ENEG BONDAGE COMICS

Uninterested in films? - maybe this is your fetish. Frisky, fun stuff from the Fifties, this collection of Bilbrew art is certainly a mixed and stimulating bag. The main body of the book is a complete reproduction of **'High Heels in the Heavens'**, an incredible Science Fiction Bondage Comic Thriller from 1955. A remarkable piece of sleaze and tease. If that's not enough, there are plenty of other masterly Bilbrew cartoons, paintings and photos of Betty Page. There's also a short but informative essay about the artist and his work.

If Bilbrew isn't to your taste there are two other volumes which are practically irresistible. **The Art of John Willie** (Book One: Sophisticated Bondage), and **The Glamorous Betty Page** (Book One). The Willie Book is a sumptuous feast of colour paintings, sketches and breath-taking photos while the Betty Page volume is an incredible collection of snaps of the fringed mistress, many of which are in colour. Both **The Art of John Willie** (Book One) and **The Glamorous Betty Page** (Book One) are expensive . . . 50,000 lire (around £25) plus 10,000 lire postage etc . . . but well worth it.

Mondo Keyhole
(Diva Satanica)



Horror of Spider Island (Diva Cinema)

THE BEST OF BIZARRE

John Willie's **Bizarre** magazine - no other US publication can or could touch it for sophistication, decadence, humour and aristocratic indulgence. It had real wit, style and a neat line in black humour. Awe inspiring to say the least. This reprint offers a welcome chance to savour its genius to the full.

(Available as a limited edition - 60,000 lire (£30) plus 10,000 lire postage per copy - snap them up while you can!!!!).

All the Diva series, John Willie reprints, Ereg anthologies, Betty Page collections, are available direct from:

Glittering Images, 11-13 Via Ardengo Soffici,
50142 Firenze, Italy, and in the US from :
Prevue Magazine/Supergraphics P.O. Box 974,
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INQUISITION: A bilingual guide to the exhibition of torture instruments from the middle ages to the industrial era. Robert Held, Dorset Press, 1987.

No one expects the Spanish Inquisition . . . to be the cruellest and most methodical shithheads that ever lived! This book documents an incredible exhibition of torture implements and methods, and provides a feast of ritualized and insane depravity. Gory Euro-Flicks like **Inquisition** and **Mark of the Devil** merely scratched at the dementia and cruelty those psyched-up zealots could cek out on some poor sap's feeble frame. This book proves that there really is no limit to human ingenuity when it comes to giving some other bozo living hell. Disgusting and indescribable. (Z.T.G.)



Brutal use
of the handsaw
from
Inquisition,
a bleak peek at
systematised
brutality and
torture!

THE CASTING COUCH : Selwyn Ford,
making it in Hollywood, Grafton Books, 1990

A book which appeals to the prurient beast in us all. The author picked up plenty of juicy titbits during his years in the film biz and lucky for us he's ready to kiss and tell. Like any trip into the seamier side of Hollywood, it touches on the familiar and not so familiar . . . lovers of the lurid will find it irresistible.

THE SECRET LIFE OF A SATANIST: the
authorised biography of Anton LaVey. Blanche
Barton, Feral House, 1990.

Dr Anton LaVey, Satanist. The ultimate bogeyman in contemporary society. This is his story, his philosophy and a potted history of the Church of Satan.

There's plenty here for anyone who's interested in life, films, glamour and the zing of magic to get their teeth into. In his teens he was an outsider, a zoot suited organ pumping guy who liked the cool sounds of Cole Porter and Irving Berlin. He quickly graduated through the melting pot of Circus and Carny (where he played strip music for Marilyn Monroe!) to become a crime photographer and psychic investigator. In the 60s he set up the Church of Satan, a sort of antidote to the drug addled hippie pap that was going round, and developed his own fascinating philosophy of life. Even if you disagree totally with what he says, it's great to know that someone else advocates cutting through the woolly claptrap that envelops contemporary society. In the end he's still a "mystery man, a paradox and a puzzle", and that's what makes the book a winner. It's beyond good, evil and simple pigeonholing. Food for serious thought. (F.H.)



Trapped in a world full of Indie Plop lovers, surrounded by Meatheads and Raphounds, how do you maintain your sanity? Easy. You eat dirt, act weird and keep the fleabains at bay. But - Hell, that's no easy task. You need help, you need arms, ammunition and a slab of advice if you're going to survive. But most of all you need the combined firepower of . . .

THE DOBERMAN DOZEN.

12 hand-picked films that do justice to the name of Doberman. Moose McGill picks the flicks and cranks out some useful advice on how to stay sick and sane in today's peurile society . . . and remember, when you grab a Doberman, you grab something ugly, half-baked and touched with greatness

Orgy of the Dead (USA 1965)

Prod/Dir Stephen Apostolof aka A. C. Stephens, Screenplay Ed D. Wood Jnr, Star: Criswell, William Bates, Pat Barringer, Fawn Silver.

Seductive strip music echoes eerily throughout a smoky graveyard. A host of dancers wiggle and wriggle for the pleasure of the Master of the Dead (Criswell). The whole thing is pretty damn loopy; strange dialogue - "Kittens are born to be whipped", and odd characters rub shoulders to keep the weird action thukka thukka-ing along.

Sideeffects: Potentially dangerous. Especially to suggestible mammary obsessed males. Can lead to unhealthy pre-occupations with Strip music. Bump 'n' Grind 60's style, tassles and curvaceous, fleshy women. Avoid if you feel any of the symptoms mentioned.

Kitten with a Whip (USA 1964) Prod:

Harry Keller, Dir: Douglas Heyes
Star: Ann-Margret, John Forsythe, Peter Brown, Patricia Barry, Richard Anderson.

Delinquency, depravity and the downhill slide towards Chaos, intoxication and death. Yes, this crisp Black and Whiter has them all. Ann-Margret is the fiery, no-good Kitten of the title, a tasty teen hell-bent on kicks and ultimately, destruction. Her touch means danger and she hooks her painted talons into familyman and politician John Forsythe. Once she's joined by her friends Ron, Buck and Midge it's a roller coaster ride to the dives of T-Town' (Tijuana). This is the kind of town where a guy could lose his mind, his soul and if he had one, his reputation.

The benchmark for this kind of flick is the awesome 'Touch of Evil' and this tastebomb has more than a smattering of its squalid majesty. Kitten's producer, Harry Keller worked as 2nd unit director on the Welles masterpiece, and some of its darkness rubbed off.

Sideeffects: could induce a fascination

look out its..... THE DOBERMAN DOZEN

twelve of the ugliest films alive!

with jive-talk, long painted nails, Ann-Margret and in hopeless cases - John Forsythe!

Sons of Thunder Prod: Giorgio Christallini, Dir: Duccio Tessari. Star: Antonella, Giuliano Gemma, Pedro Armendariz, Jacqueline Sassart. Get your rocks off on those oiled up pectorals, thrill to the insouciant air of devil-may-care. Yes, jettison any tawdry fixation with plodding realism and soak you head in the wonders of Peplum. It's here you'll see beefy bozo s in half-chewed up animal skins



"Kitten with a Whip"

baring their souls to Father Zeus.

Other critics look for subversion, obsession and base desires in obvious places like 'Thundercrack' . . . and ignore the siren call of the humble Peplum. Yet it's here you'll find strange forces and overwhelming passions. No peplum is complete without at least one outlandish crazy beast, one large hairy chappie with an eye crudely plopped in the middle of his forehead and one goddamn evil temptress.

In the best ones the all powerful hero surrenders everything to become the plaything of some full-lipped, voluptuous but icily cruel Amazon Queen, and the palate of rich colours is a sure sign that the large chested hero had truly entered the land of fantasy and delirium.

Sideeffects: Extreme disorientation from bad dubbing and dissatisfaction with mundane reality.

and sipping the decomposing fluids of your ancestors.

The Wild, Wild World of Batwoman (USA 1966) Prod/Dir: Jerry Warren, Star: Katherine Victor, Steve Brodie, Lloyd Nelson.

"In a few minutes you'll be in direct communication with the Batwoman herself". And who could resist the ample charms of Katherine Victor as Batwoman, with a well stacked chest, cheap batmask and a nifty pad. She's a batboy's dream come true. Like any urbane and sophisticated Batgal, she spends most of her time teetering around on 4 inch high heels, looking for evil and fighting crime. With her trusty team of go-go dancing beauties, she sure makes the world a better place to live in.

Their enemy is the evil Rat Fink and his bumbling buddy Dr Octavius Neon. Rat Fink's a snivelling gloater who



The Wild, Wild World of Batwoman!

Mondo Cane 2 (Italy 1962) Prod: M. Mattei, Dir: G. Jacopetti. Hell, most Turkeys watch Mondo flicks to see strange rituals, confused natives and bizzarre practices, you know the type of thing. Some bozo in the bush performing brain surgery with a penknife, well-hung natives prodding the earth with their hard-ons etc . . . Not me. Other things draw me to these jaded travelogues, I want to emulate the plummy english drawl of the narrator. The voice-over is usually soaked in superiority and total hypocrisy, but with a distinct touch of . . . breeding.

Good points: Can lead to improved, clearer elocution.

Bad points: Can increase potential for anti-social behaviour i.e. poking knitting needles through the cheeks

likes to skull around in a neat-fitting black cape, flat topped hat and a mask with a hole for his pointy nose. It's hardly surprising that Ratty and Neon have cooked up some plans to gain control of the world. Neon's a real scientific second stringer, he spends most of his time popping 'happy pills' into the batgirls' drinks, just so they'll Go-Go dance all night!

Rat Fink has more class, and wants to mate the luscious Batgirls with Neon's monster Moleman and create a new breed of beastie. The busy Batwoman thwarts their plans . . . but not before we've sampled a crazy seance, heaps of wild Go-Go-ing and some of the sassiest batmusic ever.

Good points: Useful interior design tips.

Bad points: None.

Shack Out On To 101 (USA 1955) Prod: Mort Millman, Dir: Edward Dein, Star: Terry Moore, Frank Lovejoy, Keenan Wynn, Lee Marvin, Whit Bissell.

Mama Mia! this is the American Cinema we truly love. Raw, physical and direct, it's a small flick classic. It opens with smoky, swirling sax and rips into action with an intensity that's hard to beat. The main character is Slob (Lee Marvin) a sweaty animal straight from the Garbage pail, he cooks burgers at George's greasy griddle. But on the side he's a fulltime Commie spy. The Commie stuff is a side issue here, what really makes your brain pop is the sheer balls and craziness of the while goddamn thing. The dialogue is fast, clipped slang and it only slows down when the plot rears its ugly head. An unusual Allied Artists flick - catch it if you can!

Good points: Hamburger brained Heroes. - It's nice not to feel totally alone!

Bad points: Surrealistic scenes like wearing Frogman suits inside Diner, too expensive to emulate.

Bare Behind Bars Prod: A.P. Galante & Alexandre Adamiu, Dir/Writer: Osvaldo De Oliveira.

Hell, I'm only human and it had to happen. The first stage was the initiation into Juvenile Delinquency films, the second an indulgence in pin-up art and nudie flicks. By then the rot had really set in. Next stage was a dip into the world of sleaze - the sordidly, titillating field of the Women in Prison (W.I.P.) flick.

It's here that the thrill hungry male can sample all manner of deviance and all while munching a bag of crisps. What more could a good guy want? Even a total cinematic turkey would have a few shower scenes, trashy dialogue and a slab of kinkiness to ease the tedium and make it all worth while. Those little titbits of perversion were the things that made those flicks different from anything else, and put the punters'

bums firmly in the seats. Imagine a flick that took all the good bits and strung them together into a narrative of almost total perversion and what you've got is Bare Behind Bars.

Good Points: Virtually no hairy men to upset those sensitive eyeballs.

Bad Points: That nurse is over 2,000 miles away!

Lucky the Inscrutable (Germany 1967) Dir: Jess Franco, Star: Ray Danton

Franco Takes Acid! Franco goes A.W.O.L. and tries to recreate the hell-for-leather velocity of early serials like 'Fantomas', but without a goddamn script! Intoxicating? Sometimes. Infuriating - most of the time, **Lucky** is so, so halfassed and kooky in a continental sort of way that it goes beyond words like good or bad. **Sideeffects:** Could lead to the slippery slope of D'Amato flicks i.e. a fate worse than slow death.

Hitler's Children (USA 1943) Prod: E. & R.S. Golden, Dir: Edward Dmytryk.

Star: Tim H Holt, Tom Conway, Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger.

Nazis, Bullwhips and all sorts of untold nastiness! No, it's not some seventies SS epic but a 1943 propaganda film put together by some of the cream of Hollywood. Ace lensman Russell Metty delivers a surefire, deep focus glow to the action, and everyone's fave Roy 'Out of the Past' Webb provides the resonant musical score.

Too serious to be titillating, this story of boy, a girl and the Third Reich is interesting as an example of early propaganda and exploitation but is cooled down by the leading players. **Good points:** surgery, whipping and other atrocities committed by the dastardly Hun.

Bad points: Nothing, not even a good whipping could make a sappy geek like Bonita Granville seem yummy!

Suggestions: Worth watching, your friends will assume you've already savoured the more depraved epics to the full and need more Nazi-fodder to

stimulate your jaded eyeballs. Keep mumbling things about authenticity, uniforms, subjugation and breeding theories, that should keep them guessing.

Straight Jacket (USA 1964) Prod/Dir: William Castle, Screenplay: Robert Bloch, Star: Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, Leif Erickson, George Kennedy. Who needs 'Mommie Dearest' when you can catch the Poisoned Lily Joan Crawford gagging hysterically in any number of movies. She's best when she is teetering on the edge of maternal masochism and madness - a distraught soul begging to be loved and understood. It may be straight Hollywood Kabuki but it can still distort your mind and rattle your brain. If you don't believe me try a double-bill of 'Straight Jacket' and the mega mad 'Possession' What! No takers!

Sideeffects: Lethal at close range. Caution, do not view while wearing a sumptuous fur coat, a smear of lipstick and under the influence of barbituates.

Dance Hall Racket (USA 1952) Dir: Phil Tucker, Star: Lenny Bruce, Honey Bruce, Sally Marr.

Hell. No film is simply good or bad and here's one that nimbly proves the point. It's got Lenny and Honey Bruce, Sally Marr and a load of Lenny's cronies, and was just one of a number of flicks banged out by Phil 'Robot Monster' Tucker in the early fifties.

Sure it's cheap, tiny and totally flawed, but there's still plenty to get het up about. For starters it's a great chance to see Lenny's gang in action, hamming hollering and whooping it up. There's plenty of slapping and schlepping, goofing and gooning . . . Lenny is fantastically wounding as Vinnie, chief goon, low rent psycho and bouncer in Scally's dance hall. He struts around permanently on edge, mumbling 'Yeah-Bawhss! No-Bawhss' and getting over eager with his flick knife. The whole thing is mad, unreal and deliciously enjoyable.

Good points: Neat Italian suits.

Bad points: Face slapping, slurred slang and overuse of pointy knives. (C.T.)

The Punishment of Ann (France 1976) Dir: Radley Keetzer, adapted from the novel by Jean de Berg (Alain Robbe Grillet).

Radley's finest hour and a film that truly opens the door to depravity. Let's face it, no other film quite captures the chilling looks and the dynamic interplay that lies at the heart of the S/M experience . . . don't get me wrong, 'Punishment' is also a film with a sense of style and humour. And one that we should be grateful exists, especially the 90 minute version!!

Sideeffects: It's too late to check for those now . . .

Moose McGill

(Special thanks to Liam Killen, Cathal Tohill and Andy Calahan).



It's tough being one of 'Hitler's Children'



Tura Satana interview

It's partly a cliché but - *the Sweetest Kittens do have the Sharpest Claws!* Recently, Ungawa's head Vixen and no-bullshit gal the ever lovely *Honey Parker*, had the luxury of rapping with *Tura Satana*. A real fireball who wowed audiences as the lead in *Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!* Nowadays, there's only puerile saps like Meryl Streep and bony bags like Sinead O'Connor for women to admire and use as role models, real women seem to be sadly thin on the ground.

It's obvious that Tura is a three dimensional woman who's lived life to the full and is as sweet, honest and as approachable as you can get. A fine example to modern womanhood. She talked at length about her career in Burlesque, her tussles with Russ Meyer on *Pussycat*, how she used her boobs as a trumpet mute and her date with Elvis. She had plenty more to say that we'll have to leave that for another time, but there's still enough meat in this unique interview to keep any rabid chowhound happy.

Honey: Can you tell us about your beginnings in Burlesque?

Tura: I started out as just a dancer and I wasn't making that much money, the boss offered to raise my salary if I started dancing as a *Stripteaser*. So, I said O.K. As I got into it, I got into other things. Like there was a friend of mine who had an act called *Galatea*, it was done with mirrors you turned from a statue to life and back again. It was really funny. I worked all over the country with *Galatea* . . . but it didn't do that well in Canada . . .

Maybe styles were changing?

There were just not that many any more that were just . . . I guess you'd call them *Parade Girls*. I remember there was one gal by the name of *Stunning Smith*, she had purple hair. She was very beautiful, very, very nice lady too. She was one of the ones that helped me when I first started. After I left the *Galatea*, I went to New Orleans, it was while I was down there I figured, what the heck, there aren't any Japanese Dancers. They always said you needed a gimmick, so that's when I started out using my Japanese ancestry.

How'd you do that?

Well basically . . . the fact that I was Oriental . . . tall and very well endowed, you know it. It was unusual.

Can you tell us more about *Stunning Smith*?

Shortly after I left New Orleans I went to St Louis, Missouri. I went there to work in the Grand Theatre there. *Stunning Smith* was working as one of the head attractions and I was one of the added attractions. It was the first time I had ever worked a theatre. The star, a gal by the name of *Princess Domain* hated my guts. She was called *Princess Domain* the Cherokee halfbreed, actually she was Jewish! she wanted to figure that she was the star and the only one drawing them in . . . It turned out that she had some, because she had to take all her clothes off, but *Stunning Smith* and I didn't have to do a whole lot in order to really bring the house down.

What about other famous strippers like *Blaze Starr*, *Tempest Storm* and *Candy Barr*?

When I was in New Orleans I met *Blaze Starr*, of course she wasn't dancing anymore. She was a nice lady too, with a few rough edges. To me, she seemed very out going and friendly, she was kind of like happy. Except that she really cared for the old ex-Governor. I knew *Tempest Storm* and *Candy Barr*. I followed *Candy Barr* several times in Las Vegas and one time down in Dallas, Texas, where she first got her start. Her whole gimmick was that she was a Texas Cowgirl. She was very petite, very well endowed. She was a cute girl, and had a great personality on stage, off stage she was very quiet. That was the same time I met Hugh O'Brien from Wyatt Earp, he could not believe that anybody Oriental could have big boobs.

"God," he says, "you're the first one I've ever seen a pair of those on!" Shortly after that I bumped into Rod Taylor, he





Blaze!!!

was one of the first real loves in my life. We went together off and on for 5 years. He always loved Oriental girls, he loved the dark Oriental mystique look. Anybody who loved the exotic would immediately latch on to me for some reason. And there were lots of guys in Hollywood who loved it, they loved to be different. I used to walk into a restaurant . . . he said I'd walk in like I was a Queen! The conversation would hush . . . when I'd walk up to his table, he'd see envious looks from other guys!

What do you think is behind this attraction to the exotic?

I think it's because people expect you to be mysterious and the people of the East do keep a lot of their feelings under wraps when they're not in their own element. Among their own kind they can be themselves. I was expected to be mysterious, and it was like a cloud, like an invisible shield that came down over me and blocked everybody out. It was hard to keep people out, not to let them get too close and get hurt. I found that I was getting tied up in everybody's problems. It was like people were trying to take my 'aura' away from me, just trying to drain me; there were just too many trying to pull me in different directions.



Tura in 'Irrma la Douce'. She took time out from 'Irrma' to be interviewed for 'Pussycat'!

What do you mean by 'aura'?

A lot of it is the self confidence you get when you're on the stage and you know that you have a hundred thousand eyes looking at you. And you're trying to please

all those eyes. You have a certain ability to keep their attention. And this builds up your self confidence, especially when they appreciate what you're doing . . . I enjoy seeing them smile. You get a . . . it adds to your 'aura', when I'm on stage I feel that I glow. It's not that I'm trying to be sexy, I'm trying to entertain; when I was dancing I had a fan club in Newark, New Jersey, of about 160 women who just loved to catch my show because they enjoyed it. There's not that many women that used to go to burlesque shows.

Do you feel that something's missing since the death of Burlesque?

I know something's missing. You no longer have the comedians you used to have. Some of the greatest comedians in the world came out of Burlesque . . . Strippers, they're not artistic anymore, they're just - there's my body, take a look at it, if you don't like it forget it. there is no longer any class.

What about yourself and Boyfriends, rumour has it that you dated Elvis?

Yeah. Matter of fact he used to come and watch my show, that's how he started all those karate movements. I had to show him how to do some of them. That was back in the Fifties, when we first met in '56 - '57, when I started doing all my different acrobatics, I used a lot of my



Cute and vivacious Candy Barr

Aikido and Judo training in my routine, because they were graceful moves. The fact that I was well built and could do all the different contortions that I did . . . when I first started dancing it was 1954, a lot of people didn't know how young I was, I was only about 15! Elvis . . . he said he first got fascinated in the art of self-defence by watching some of the moves I made.

Was there a big attraction between you and Elvis?

Well, there was a great physical attraction. As a matter of fact he even asked me to marry him once. I said no thanks. I knew Elvis was, uh . . . he tried to be true, but Elvis could never say no to temptation. I think he needed a strong woman to take hold of him.

While you were in Burlesque did you meet other entertainers like Sammy Davis Jnr, Louis Prima,



Tura ad post
'Pussycat' . . .
She
still had to
bring in the
Bacon.

Sam Buttera?

Oh yes . . . I bumped into **Jack Carter**, the comedian he was working in '**Mr Wonderful**' with **Sammy Davis**. Jack and I started dating, he's an old burlesque comic, he took me backstage and that's how I met **Sammy Davis**. Sammy . . . was a very giving person, very warm hearted; **Louis Prima** . . . well, I never worked with **Louis**, but I did meet him, and **Keely Smith**, he'd come to my show and I'd

go to his; As a matter of fact I worked as **Sam Buttera's** mute, on his Saxophone using my boob. We'd have fun. I think I have one of the pictures, not with Sam, I think it was one of trumpet players. One of these days I'll have to show it to some people, not too many people know I used to be a mute for a trumpet and saxophone. You know they come in handy for anything!

Do you think it's true to say that there's always been an a little edge of the underworld in the entertainment industry?

There is an edge of the seamier side of life. There are always people too weak to say 'No'. Although, when I first went into Burlesque, the rules were always very, very strict. When you were in a show you didn't fool around with anyone's else's husband or boyfriend. If you wanted to sleep around with someone that was your business, but you had to be very, very discreet about it.

Was there any connection with actual gangsters?

No, the ones who used to hook up with gals were usually guys we called 'suitcase pimps'. They were too damn lazy to work themselves. They were called 'suitcase pimps' because they used to carry the make-up bags to and from the theatre. They were supposed to be the big, bad protectors . . . but, they had to live off somebody, so they'd pick up somebody who was weaker than them, and they'd dominate them.

Was 'Hawaiian Eye' your first break into T.V. and movies?

Yes it was, the first thing I did as far as television was concerned, that was how I got my Screen Actor's Guild card. I was working as a model, I just wound up on a few calendars. I was dancing at the **Follies Theatre** in **Los Angeles** and one of the guys from the studio, **Warner Brothers**, asked if I'd do a part.

We know about 'Faster Pussycat', 'Astro Zombies', 'Irma la Douce', 'Doll Squad' and 'Our Man Flint' - are there any other appearances we don't know about?

Let's see, there are several television shows that I did - '**Burkes Law**', '**Valentines Day**', and of course '**Man from Uncle**', '**Girl from Uncle**', '**The Greatest Show on Earth**'.

How did you hook up with Russ Meyer?

T: I was working at the '**Pink Pussycat**' as a dancer. I met **Russ** just before I finished '**Irma la Douce**'. He also saw me dancing at the '**Pink Pussycat**' and he says 'I need someone who is very strong . . . I saw **Astro Zombies** and



Tura - young and yummy

you really play a heavy well!" I said, it seems like that's all they ever throw me into. Either I'm a spy, a hooker or an out and out tough guy or gal.

I'm sure all us girls thank you for your tough role in 'Pussycat', I never liked violence in movies until I saw you snap that he-man's spine!

Well you see that's the whole trouble. Most of the violence in movies was against women. Which makes the whole difference as far as 'Faster, Pussycat' was concerned.

Your performance in 'Pussycat' was so strong and tough, that a lot of your fans can't see beyond that, but you're not just tough, you are a bit of a sweetie, and a softie too.

It's something that you basically have to realise that playing 'Faster Pussycat', it was a very camp role for me. I enjoyed it because it was completely opposite as to what I really am . . . I don't go round breaking peoples necks, it's really not a habit of mine. A lot of people get a picture in their mind as to what you're supposed to be like, most of the people who have ever seen 'Faster Pussycat' figure that's how I look all the time, that I wear black - well black is one of my favourite colours.

We heard that Russ broke his golden rule about no sex during shooting 'Faster Pussycat', could you tell us about that?

Well, Russ had a rule, basically there was no fraternising. There weren't really that many that worked on the set. The assistant director he was the one that helped Russ,

and we struck up a friendship. Actually we really didn't have any sex when we were there because I had my daughter with me. But I think Russ played that one up real well! There was one time when he (Russ) made me really angry. I tried the scene his way, and didn't like it, but he said that was the way that he wanted it. I finally got angry and turned around and punched a railroad tie. My hand was as big as a balloon for 3 days. Shortly after that we did it the way I wanted to do it. It had to do with the scene where that guy Animal killed Rosie (Hadjji). He wanted me to run up to Animal. I said it just doesn't make sense. The guy is twice as big as I am . . . It doesn't feel right. That's when I decided to hit him with the car. I'm already behind the wheel - let's run him over.

What about Hadji - do you still see her?

Oh yes, Hadji and I are still good friends. She still lives in Hollywood, and she's a blonde now. Hadji's doing modelling and she's still working in films. she's married to Bill Smith, he always plays a heavy, he was in 'Every Which Way but Loose', with Clint Eastwood, he played one of the boxers. Her daughter, unfortunately was going with the guy who played the psychiatrist in 'Cheers', but he just went to jail for cocaine, so I think that kind of broke up the romance.

What's happening with you now?

Well, I was in 3 automobile accidents and I injured my spine, so I don't dance any more, that's for sure. My husband is a retired police officer, now he's a private investigator. Sometimes I help him out. My oldest daughter has 3 daughters of her own. It's hard to be a grandmother, when actually everybody thinks my daughters are my sisters! We've talked with Russ Meyer about doing a sequel to 'Faster Pussycat' . . .

HONEY PARKER

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The Penguin Woman

FREAKS: WE WHO ARE NOT AS OTHERS

Daniel P. Mannix, Research Books, 1990.

Ace writer and ex-sword swallower Daniel P. takes us on an encyclopaedic trip into the land of the freaks. Step right up and meet Sealo the seal boy, the mule faced woman, midgits, dwarves, hemaphrodites, 3-legged men, the zebra man, the lobster boy, pinheads, geeks, rubberskinned people and more. I found the whole thing charming, if only more people would come clean about their freakishness! As an added bonus there's plenty of Carny lingo and real life reminiscences about what these people were really like. Touching, shocking and with outstanding photos - one standout pic shows an enterprising chap smoking cigarettes through his eyeballs. Need I say more.

GEEK LOVE, Katherine Dunn, Warner Books, 1983

Like your heroes bald, female and sporting a large hump? Wig out on psychic amputations and creepy goings on?? Then this book is for you. It's pretty hard to get your brain around the unrelentingly queasy atmosphere, especially when it nosedives and becomes painfully arty. But what the hell. Books with freaks, geeks and sideshows are thin on the ground. What you get is a must read book for die hard geek freaks with a penchant for Jodorowsky movies.

TORTURE GARDEN, Octave Mirbeau, new ed. Research Books.

A hot novel from the 1890s, which touches on the 3 Ds... Desire, Derangement and Depravity. A dissolute Frenchman becomes entranced by the "swooning eyes and devouring lips" of the sexy, sadistic Clara. He follows her to China and finds "an insanity of savage abandon" in a decadent torture garden. As you'd expect, the characters spout stuff like "Murder is born of love", "Art consists of knowing how to kill" and other bizarre nonsense. The style is overblown, ornate and romantic but the effect is black and absurd.

THE CORRECT SADIST, Terence Sellers, 1983 pub. in U.K. by Temple Press.

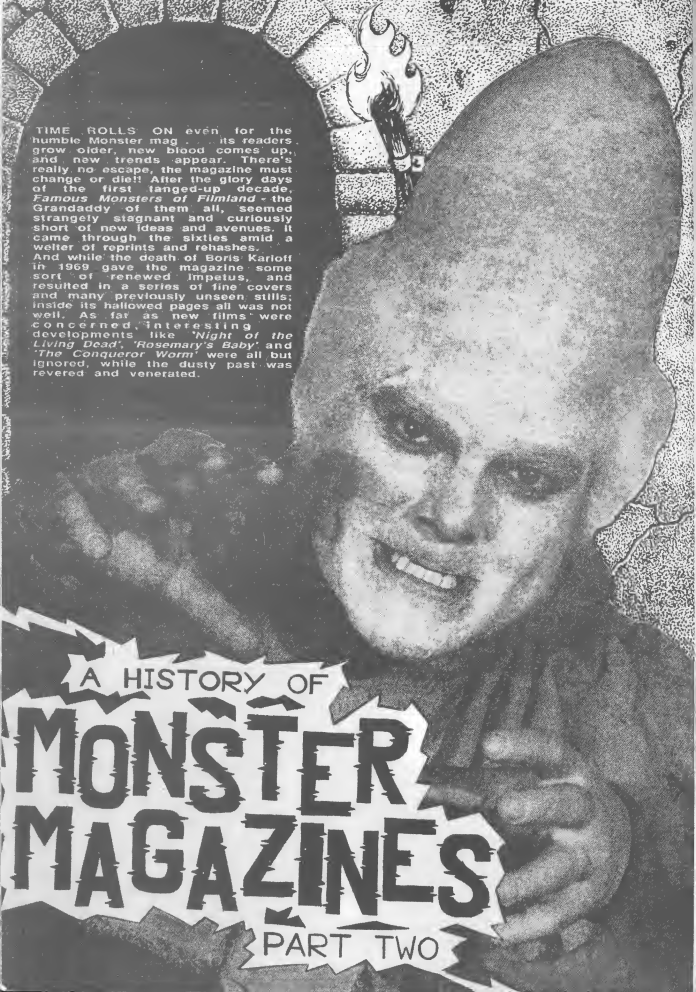
Crystal clear and classic, this baby is a detailed manual for the budding dominatrix and more. The mixture of precision and hallucination is a direct descendent of all those wickedly decadent 19th century novels like *Makdolor*... and if this isn't enough perversion and delirium for your jaded palate, there's also plenty of insight into the nature of masochism, sadism, the fascination of heels, hose and other fetish objects.

WALKING THROUGH CLEAR WATER IN A POOL PAINTED BLACK, Cookie Mueller, Semiotexte, 1990.

Cookie. Goddamn it, you could really write. You were no washed out poseur. Those Waters movies were just the tip - a mere peep at the fruity life you lived. Thank God you took time out to pop some of it down on paper and offer us a glimpse into your reckless past. A highly essential read. (F.H.)



Early issue of Torture Garden



TIME ROLLS ON even for the humble Monster mag... its readers grow older, new blood comes up, and new trends appear. There's really no escape, the magazine must change or die!! After the glory days of the first langed-up decade, *Famous Monsters of Filmland* - the Granddaddy of them all, seemed strangely stagnant and curiously short of new ideas and avenues. It came through the sixties amid a welter of reprints and rehashes. And while the death of Boris Karloff in 1969 gave the magazine some sort of renewed impetus, and resulted in a series of fine covers and many previously unseen stills; inside its hallowed pages all was not well. As far as new films were concerned, interesting developments like *'Night of the Living Dead'*, *'Rosemary's Baby'* and *'The Conqueror Worm'* were all but ignored, while the dusty past was revered and venerated.

A HISTORY OF MONSTER MAGAZINES

PART TWO



This period was the pinnacle of their Universal and 'classic' horror movie worship, and there were plenty of pages devoted to old warhorses like **Frankenstein**, **Jekyll and Hyde**, **Mad Love** etc... **Famous Monsters** had settled into a production rut and a few changes were needed if it was to stay ahead of the pack. Other magazines in the Warren stable were doing much better - comic mags like **Creepy**, **Eerie** and the slightly later **Vampirella** all outsold the ageing **Famous Monsters** at one time or another. The future seemed shaky and uncertain.

The first attempt at resuscitation was to merge it with the ill-fated **Monster World**, this led to plenty of confusion especially among rabid collectors when **Monster World** Nos 1-10 replaced **Famous Monsters** Nos 70-79, oh boy! Anyway, at least it got the magazine nearer to the magic number 100 and a hundred page special consisting almost entirely of commendations, congratulations and reprints mixed in with one or two bits about horror movies.

Imitations still appeared, and something else began to rise - the serious fantasy film journal. It was **Supernatural**, the UK's best attempt at a horror film mag of any sort up to that time. Glossy, serious and knowledgeable, it lasted two whole issues before internal squabbling about advertising knocked it on the head.

WHERE THE MEDVEDS COME FROM

Back in the States, other things were happening. For starters, the funloving **Garden Ghouls Gazette** was aiming for the big time and getting somewhat slick and serious. In 1970 it became **Cinefantastique** the unstoppable mass market mag that you see today. Other arrivals to the Monster mag scene were more crude and quirky. Marketed as a newspaper, **The Monster Times** was fannish and cynically funny, started in 1972 it was the initial source for much of the 'World's Worst' type cultism. Can we ever forgive them?

Even if **Famous Monsters** seemed stuck in a rut other folk were content to follow. Marvel had several shots at a **Famous Monsters** type magazine. First they tried the 'all photos and daft captions' route with **Monster Madness**. This failed so they tried again with **Monsters of the Movies**, a real FM clone that lasted for 8 issues in 1974/5, and suffered all the usual obnoxious with Hammer and Japanese nonsense.

In Britain, **Monster Mag** oozed out in 1974, a magazine that 'pulled out into a monster pin-up', it had lots of colour and gore but little substance. The publishing company **Top Sellers**, got it right a couple of years later with **House of Hammer**, but in the meantime they settled for turning out 17 issues of **Monster Mag** including a non-existent No. 2. This much sought after and terrible item was probably pulped

for some mysterious and litigious reason. An issue to be avoided! Other magazines which bobbed up on the UK scene included **World of Horror**, a fore-runner of current multi-media mags like **Fear**, and **Skeleton Crew**. But back in the States, it was business as usual with more FM clones shuffling towards the newsstands. These included **For Monsters Only**, **Movie Monsters**, **Monster Fantasy**, another **Monster World** - someone at Warren must have talked to 'em because the title became the unforgettable **Quasimodo's Monster Magazine** from issue 3!

FORRYS GREAT LOVE!

The success of '**The Exorcist**' and other horrors at the beginning of the 70's brought increased sales to FM and yet more publishers became interested in the Monster Mag field. The fuss surrounding '**Logan's Run**', '**Star Wars**' etc allowed **Ferry Ackerman** to return to his great love - writing about Science Fiction films, sometimes far too often, as **James Warren** insisted on feature after feature on the new blockbusters.

Other magazines sprang up to milk the science fiction angle for what it was worth. **Starlog** began in 1976 and was everything the other magazines of the time were not, devoted to SF film and TV - coloured, glossy, banal and almost totally uncritical. Of course it was an immediate success and led to plenty of off-shoots and stalemates like **Future**, **Cinemagic** and... the horror related **Fangoria**.

Back in Britain, **Top Sellers** tried again with the interesting **House of Hammer** (aka **House of Horror**, aka **Halls of Horror**), producing 30 issues in all between 1976-84. One test issue was published in the US and so frightened the Warren organisation that they published their own **House of Horror** to register the title and prevent distribution of this new 'rival'. The Warren magazine was a small print run single issue and is extremely collectable. The original H.O.H. soldiered on with a third title change, always interesting even in its more Hammer obsessed early days, the mix of features, reviews and comic strip adaptations of Hammer movies was more successful than most. Publication was suspended for a time after No. 23. When the magazine returned, the final editor **Dave Reeder** (now with **Skeleton Crew**) was able to drop the comic strips entirely and turn the final few issues into a very worthy publication.

ATTACK OF THE SPLATTERHEADS

The SF orientated **Starburst** began shortly after H.O.H. and is still with us. Essentially as press-release orientated as the also still current **Starlog**, it is saved by a reasonably critical attitude to the material.

In the early 80's, with SF and horror movies established as big business and more magazines, especially fanzines, than ever before, then the impossible happened - **Famous Monsters** and the whole Warren publishing empire folded.

By the late Seventies, publishing magnate **James Warren** seems to have become a rather reclusive **Howard Hughes** type figure, not appearing at the office for long periods of time, and having less and less to do with the business. His relationship with **Ackerman** was by now almost non-existent, with **Ferry's** various requests for a rise not so much refused as ignored. Seeing no way out **Ackerman** resigned. They managed to do one issue without him, then the whole company ceased business.

After this, Warren made a few attempts to revive the

comic magazines **Eerie** and **Creepy**, but not so **Famous Monsters**. The world's first and longest lived monster magazine was clinically dead. After a grand total of 191 issues, various numbered specials, yearbooks and paperbacks, the beast was laid to rest.

In 1985, Ackerman returned with **Monsterland**. The original intention was that it should be 'Famous Monsters as Forry always wanted it to be! Needless to say it wasn't, business got in the way of his good intentions, yet again, and the mag staggered on for 16 issues before it collapsed, leaving Ackerman an older and wiser man.

Even before **Famous Monsters** folded, the market leader had become **Fangoria**, the horror equivalent to **Starlog**. It caught a new audience's attention just as the more graphic horror movies were coming in and has been able to keep the 'Splatter' audience ever since, rarely looking back at anything before the sixties.

In Europe, several long running fanzines like **Vampir**, **Mad Movies** and **L'Ecran Fantastique** went over to colour, tightened up and adopted a fully professional approach.

WHO'S A BOZO

Fanzines proliferated during this period, presumably reflecting dissatisfaction with the pro-mags. Long running titles like **Photon**, **Midnight Marquee**

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Sexley's BELIEVE it or NUTS!



ELVIS PRESLEY WAS A SEX SYMBOL FOR MILLIONS, BUT WHAT WAS HIS SEX TRIP? APPARENTLY HE WAS A BIT OF A VICEUR - ONE OF HIS FAVORITE KICKS WAS TO SECRETLY SPY ON LOVERS FROM BEHIND A TWO-WAY MIRROR HE HAD INSTALLED IN HIS MEMPHIS MANSION!



IN SITE OF THOUSANDS OF AVAILABLE FEMALES, ELVIS WAS A LIFE-LONG MASTURBATOR AND PORN-BOY - EACH MONTH ELVIS SENT A FLUNGE TO BUY UP ALL THE LATEST "FUCK BOOKS" - HIS FAVORITE GENRE WAS "CAT FIGHT" FILMS FEATURING TWO LESBIANS FIGHTING AND GRIPPING... ELVIS OFTEN FILMED THESE HIMSELF!



ELVIS COULDN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF A COMPLETELY NAKED WOMAN... HIS ULTIMATE TURN-ON WAS WHITE PANTIES WITH THE PUBLIC HAIR PORTRUDING AROUND THE EDGES... LIKEWISE, ELVIS HATED TO EXPOSE HIS OWN NAKED BODY, GOING TO GREAT LENGTHS TO CONCEAL HIS PENIS - FOR EXAMPLE, IN A URINAL HE WOULD PISS IN A STALL LIKE A WOMAN!



MUCH HAS BEEN MADE OF ELVIS AS A "MAMA'S BOY" WHO WORSHIPED HIS MOTHER... ONE QUIRKY OFF-SHOOT OF THIS WAS THAT ELVIS WAS REPULSED BY THE IDEA OF EVER HAVING SEX WITH A WOMAN WHO WAS A MOTHER... IN FACT, THE MOMENT HIS OWN WIFE, PRISCILLA, BECAME PREGNANT, ELVIS STOPPED HAVING SEX WITH HER, PERMANENTLY!



(formerly **Gore Creatures**) and **Little Shoppe of Horrors** were joined by dozens of new titles founded on the punk understanding that any bozo could put their own magazine, titles like **Sleazoid Express**, **Splatter Times**, **Magick Theatre**, **Psychotronic**, **Slimetime** in the States; **Shock Xpress**, **Samhain**, **Imaginator** and **EyeBall** in this country.

The late 80's also saw an attempt at a new generation of glossy horror film mags. The interesting but inept **Slaughter House** and the snore-titled **Horror Fan** (yeuch!) died on their feet, wiped out by **Starlog** and **Fangoria** stablemates **Gore Zone** and **Toxic Horror**.

In Britain, **Fear** made a success out of combining movie stuff with material about books and writers, and published fiction as well. Two years later another publisher tried a similar thing with **Skeleton Crew**, and was followed quickly by the Maxwell group owned **The Dark Side**, which despite appearances to the contrary is a monster magazine pure and simple.

MIKE WATHEN

Next issue: The final Roundup . . . the Mighty Monsterography of all traceable horror film magazines. The ultimate checklist and bibliography (Phew!)

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GRIMM'S LUSTFUL FAIRY TALES, Grimms marchen vom lustern Parchen, W.Germany 1969. Dir: Rolf Thiele Star: Walter Giller, Ingrid van Bergen. Even a country steeped in seriousness and angst like West Germany has produced its fair share of what's loosely described as trash, stuff that revels in being cheap, fantastic, fun and outrageous. And this is one of the best examples you could hope to find. There's plenty of carefree nudity, the type you'd never find in English speaking Cinema, and even better, plenty of demented behaviour, most of which is straight out of the original fairy tales. For example the evil Queen is a real piece of work, she gets her rocks off fondling her breasts in front of the magic mirror and nibbling what's supposed to be Snow White's heart. The Ugly Sisters are more dumb and brutal, they snip their toes and crop their feet to fit the tiny slipper. That's just the tip, there's plenty of other inspired and trippy moments in this cut price gem . . . a film with its tongue firmly in its cheek. (Z.T.G.)

ESCAPE FROM GALAXY 3 (Italy 1977) Dir: Ben Norman, Star: Cheryl Buchanan, James Milton, Don Powell). Got an over taxed brain and tired pupils??? Then check out this peculiar Italian concoction . . . it's Star Wars with nudity and cheese. The yummy Princess Bellastar and the

gangly Captain Lathan zip across space pursued by the evil Ureklon, a big black dude with tinsel in his beard!!! They hide out on a primitive planet peopled by a nubile tribe who live only for love. Here they discover the joys of necking, slurping and all that other stuff . . . and just as you'd expect there's plenty of tribal dancing and wriggling to banal Eurofunk. In the end goodness and horniness prevail. What do you expect in an Italian Sci Fi flick? Platonic friendship! A tacky but enticing oddity!! (C.T.)

DEATH SCENES available from Wavelength Video Box 1290, Burbank, CA91507, USA. \$39.95 plus 12 shipping and handling. But be warned. This video is extremely graphic. Not for the squeamish. Hollywood Babylon . . . site of success, excess and murder. In the 20s, 30s and 40s the golden age of Hollywood also had its darker edge, Human dreams, desires and unchecked emotions often resulted in bizarre and brutal murders and suicides. This video is a trip into that uncharted area. The photos are all taken from the scrapbook of an LAPD officer, who kept these strange, sad snaps for his own peculiar reasons. Without background information and conjecture these photos would be merely grisly and shocking epitaphs from a bygone age. No photo can truly stand on its own. Luckily we

have an expert guide, Dr Anton LaVey, one time crime photographer, and head of the Church of Satan. In lesser hands this tape would be merely a shocking and cynical exercise, cheap thrills for brainless dopes. But not so, what we are served up, asks more questions than it answers . . . and provides plenty to chew on. Truth and Murder are definitely stranger than fiction. An incredible feast that can only be handled in small bites. (C.T.)

THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY Prod: Edward Small, Dir: Irving Rapper, Star: John Hansen, based on the book by Christine Jorgensen.

Poor George Jorgensen, trapped in the body of a man, but tormented by the desire to be a full-blown Woman! Hell, it's hard not to laugh at the poor sap's predicament. But one thing stops that throaty chuckle and kills it stone dead . . . it's that party pooper. Sincerity. Yuk!

Like most sex change or 'transsexual' flicks, it's here in absolute abundance, you can't escape it. It comes shining through like some goddamn beacon blast! Even when the action plunges to the depths of camped-out inanity, and our hero teeters around like some stiff quiffed Tab Hunter, it's there, beaming its message loud and clear - 'this is a real story and this dude is suffering real pain'. So weigh it up and what you get is something laughable, painful . . . and bordering on the indescribable. (Z.T.G.)

SLEAZEMANIA U.K. (Assorted trailers, ads and goodies, released 1989 on video by Mondo Movies). At last our very own batch of smut and sleaze all neatly boiled down into two minute pulse-pounding trailers.



Christine and friend.

While the U.S. had 3 (just count them!) volumes of *Sleazemania*, we've got only one which misses out plenty of the wilder items. But even with plenty of snooze-worthy filler there's still a few gonzo thrills to be had . . . there's the legendary *Smut Peddler* trailer, the depraved and tacky *Girl from S.I.N.* (Poontang Plenty!!!!) and the streetwise Mr Mari's Girls. Worth renting to check out the good bits. (C.T.)

LOVE CAMP Die Todesgottin des Liebeskamps/Massacre at Orgy Lovecamp, W.Germany 1981, Dir: Christian Anders, Star: Christian Anders, Laura Gemser. Step into this flick if you dare and sample a film baked in the fires of Hell!!! Deliriously daft, kitsch and stupidly depraved it's a fairly indescribable epic helmed by that multi-talented Austrian, Christian Anders. The plot centres round a free love cult headed by the Divine One (Laura Gemser), a female Jim Jones who forces her camp followers to do the unspeakable, at least once a day. Her right hand man is a musclebound greaseball with a 9 inch moustache and a nifty way of deflowering virgins in public. There's plenty of eyeball bulging and other way out behaviour . . . Music lovers

will also revel in the almost non-stop inane free love theme tune that keeps popping up every 5 to 10 minutes. Essential viewing for anyone interested in human madness., folly and bizarre cultural artefacts. (Z.T.G.)

EVE AND THE HANDYMAN USA
1960, Prod/Dir: Russ Meyer, Star: Eve Meyer

After the runaway success of *The Immoral Mr Teas*, Meyer got down with even more of his army buddies and horned in this distinctive little flick. It's less of an outright nude and more of a silent, slapstick-like comedy. While *Teas* hardly went for less than a few minutes without an eyeful of mouth watering melons, *Handyman* sports little of those joyous goodies."

Yet it's still a laugh and its eyeball busting Fuller brush finale is well worth waiting for.

Poontang
Plenty,
the Girl
from S.I.N.
see
Sleazemania
for details.



Eve Meyer!!!



GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI USA 1966, AIP?

Star: Tommy Kirk, Deborah Walley, Quinn O'Hara.

There's a bit of the pre-teen in everybody and that's where Beach flicks make their mark. This one would seem to have a head start on the rest of the pack, with ace lensman Stanley Cortez calling the shots, Basil Rathbone and Boris

Karloff hamming it up, a plot that pulls out a rampaging Gorilla, Mad

Mummy, an uptight Nancy Sinatra, and wonder of wonders - the Bobby Fuller 4!!! Yet despite all this exotic wildlife it's a real limper, ruined by lame cartoon humour, tame frugging and no Geetar. All that raw talent is plumb wasted and Sh-i-i-i-i-i it's no fun to watch Bob and the boys mime to wimped out twaddle. For die-hard beach nuts only.





OPEN ALMOST any book about the Vampire Cinema and you're sure to see mouth-watering stills and posters from films made by the French filmmaker Jean Rollin during the Sixties and Seventies. With their potent mixture of Sex and Horror they seem practically irresistible, offering untold delights and depravities. But try searching for more information or even better, getting your hands on viewing copies of these films, and you come thwack straight up against a brick wall. They're practically undocumented and unobtainable. Lucky for us, Mondo Sanchez is one man with more balls and determination than most. A feisty obsessive dude!

During the last two years he's been permanently located in Paris and it was there in the video bargain bins of the Capital that he found some films by this critically neglected French filmmaker. With this rock hard evidence he was able to piece together a surprising picture of what these films and their creator were like. What he found were films which were pretty and patchy, but with some damned fine moments, ideas, elements and music. Films too dreamy and tasteful to be lumped with other slapdash Euro-Horror. In fact they are films destined to intrigue, perplex and annoy... read on, fang fans, read on.

JEAN ROLLIN the lost romantic

INSIDE France, Jean Rollin is the object of sneers and derision, even among die-hard fantasy film fans. Over the years a pitifully small number of interviews and articles have been published about the man and his work. His status *inside* the film industry is low and rumour has it that he now works as a taxi-cab driver. What a fate for the man whose films are among the most personal and unusual European horror epics of their era. Nowadays a lot of balderdash is talked about how working in 'B' movies and Exploitation gives you freedom to do shit that you just couldn't do on a big budget. That's true in some cases, but it's a dangerous, romantic half-truth and when you look at Rollin's films you can see that a low budget can be both a blessing and a curse.

Like most filmmakers, Rollin cut his teeth on small, short amateur flicks and his first real semi-professional film was '*Les Amours Jaunes*' (1958), which he made while working as an editor for a newsfilm company. Even in this early flick, Rollin betrays his real loves and interests - art, improvisation, surrealism, and serials, they're all here even at this stage of the game. Like his later

films, '*Les Amours Jaunes*' is haphazard and rambling.



| La Vampire Nue.

following its own logic, the logic of the serial, something which moves from event to event often without



Pensive Mulatto - La Vampire Nue

total coherence. During the late fifties and early sixties, Rollin continued to work at the newsreel company but also turned out a few more personal projects including *'Ciel de Cuivre'* (1959), *'L'Itineraire Marin'* (1963), *'Vivre en Espagne'* (1964) and *'Les Pays Loins'* (1965). Some of these were more obviously arty and underground than his later works, and *'L'Itineraire Marin'* was even a collaboration of sorts with the renowned French writer Marguerite Duras.

From shorts to features, Rollin's first major stepping stone came in late '66, when he was offered an opportunity to direct a 30 minutes of film to pad out the running time of the pathetically short *'Le Vampire Creature du Diable'*. *'Diable'* was a typical low-rent horror which played Parisian Cinemas like Midi-Minuit, Scarlett etc. . . cinemas which specialised in showing fantasy flicks for the masses.

HOW SMALL WAS MY BUDGET?

Rollin quickly worked out a plot and script for his first horror orientated effort and came up with the snappy title *'Le Viol de Vampire'*.

He threw himself in at the deep end, and with a crew who were as inexperienced and as enthusiastic as himself, he shot over 45 minutes of Black and White Vampiric action for around 100,000 FFfrancs (£10,000). The producers were overjoyed with the

quantity of footage and persuaded Rollin and friends to go back and shoot another 45 minutes to make it into a proper feature. They also stipulated that there should be more sex scenes, more stuff that would guarantee getting a stream of punters into the Cinema. So Rollin and his compatriots went back and shot an extra 45 minutes, which didn't help to make *'Viol de Vampire'* any more logical or comprehensible. But at least he'd made something, tried a few ideas out and got some rock hard experience of real filmmaking. Despite being rough, ragged and incomprehensible, *'Le Viol de Vampire'* pulled in a profit for its producers, and the boobs'n'horror angle was a real boost when it came to box office grosses. Spurred on by this small success they commissioned Rollin to turn out another Sex & Horror feature, and this time the budget stretched to Colour and some professional actors. Things that are regarded as standard in most low budget films in the United States.

URGH . . . IT'S THE PLOT

His next feature, *'La Vampire Nue'* offers a real taster of just how good and half-assed his films could get. The whole plot hinges around blood suckers from Outer Space and takes in plenty of other crazy stuff. Like all his really interesting films it's full of unexplained events, strange things just happen and weird tableaux unfold to tantalise,

mesmerise and titillate. It opens with some strange dudes in horns walking around a deserted Chateau, moves to an upper crust suicide cult with red bags on their heads, then shifts to a scene with a crazed exotic dancer in netting, wacked out wig, 6 inch pointy tassels and weird finger poppers, moving to the lascivious beat of French bongos! Heady, enigmatic and slightly incomprehensible, this is a taste of Jean Rollin at his best.

It's the visuals, the style, music and colour that really get your brain popping in *'La Vampire Nue'*, once dialogue and the plot begin to rear their ugly heads, it's goodbye to craziness and hello boredom and banality. Why are these elements so badly handled in *'Nue'* and other Rollin flicks? For starters they don't really interest J.R., he's simply attracted to the inexplicable, those images and actions that hook into your mind and enthral and fascinate. A close friend once described him as "and unrepentant dreamer, a conscious dreamer . . .", a man born "a bit ahead of, and a bit behind his time". As a filmmaker, he's a displaced entity, someone who should be making arty, avant garde flicks, but instead he's decided to peddle his wares and make his dreams within the cut throat world of commercial low budget horror and sex films. It's a hard world, which has been both good and bad for the man and his movies.

THROW IN SOME SEX

Inside France *'La Vampire Nue'* was viewed with furrowed brows and heavy sighs. Too tasteful and arty for a shock expectant horror audience and too sleazy for highbrow culture vultures, it did only moderate business on its home turf after its release. Outside la belle France, the picture was different, in the grindhouses and arthouses of Europe, the USA and the UK it was a small but respectable crowd puller. And the lure of all that frisky French nudity mixed in with decadent goings on proved pretty successful with audiences. It was seen and sold as being typical French stuff, decadent, dumb - naughty but nice. A picture which was pretty far from the truth.

Jean Rollin is not a typical French film director, nor is he someone who has embraced the world of exploitation and horror wholeheartedly. American filmmakers like H.G. Lewis, approach the idea of making a flick and selling an angle to an audience with a true verve and gusto. Not so Rollin. He wants to get on celluloid a few scenes and

ideas that thrill him, and to do this he's reluctantly forced to toss in some sex, horror and cheapo, cheapo titillation. Sex and horror, the stuff that Rollin half-heartedly injects into his films, are the items that are used to sell his flicks to a potential audience. These are the things you see on posters, stills and publicity material, but what you get when you finally encounter his flicks are movies that don't for the jocular. They're more indirect, dreamy, pensive, romantic, silent and cerebral.

After Nue's financial success overseas, Rollin's star seemed to be on the rise and his next feature, **'Le Frisson des Vampires'** (1970) had some great guitar music, saturated colours and plenty of lengthy camera dollies that lingered languidly on the eerie architecture, beaches and tastefully Vampiric decor. It also had a dynamite entrance by a bony female Vampire from a Grandfather clock at midnight! **'Frisson'** was a bit of a stunner, but like most Rollin films it was sort of ruined by some truly crappy dialogue and banal plot resolution. But what's good is great and what's bad is exceptionally smelly.

BRUTAL DUBBING ON THE US FRONT

Shortly after **'Frisson'** hit the theatres he was offered another chance to shoot, so he cobbled together a script, took his fangs out of storage, called up his artist friends, and headed once again for the beach at Dieppe. His next Vampiric epic is partly a romantic harkening back to the halcyon days of Vampirism. In **'Requiem for a Vampire'** (1971), they are a sophisticated and dying breed. Aristocratic, sensitive and doomed. It was also a pretty good excuse to throw in some crowd pleasing S & M action sequences with plenty of whipping, perversion and degradation.

The first 3/4 of **'Requiem'** has no dialogue and is uniquely strange, atmospheric and refreshing. The US release was called **'Caged Virgins'**, and had all the spicy, pervy type stuff removed. But worse still, it was brutally dubbed with dialogue casually added to scenes where none had been originally intended. It was a barbaric and ghastly mess. Any delicacy that the film had was simply trampled underfoot in an effort to sell it to the drive-in and the grindhouse.

Still, despite this it was a small commercial success, and for his next important film **'Les Demoniques'** (1973), a Belgian Co-production, Rollin was offered

a slightly larger budget and a 4 week shooting schedule. By his standards this was really the big time! It was all too good to last and pretty soon there were the usual production problems and compromises when some of the financial backing evaporated. Working with such small resources is difficult, and it's hardly surprising that what eventually turns up on screen in a Rollin flick is sometimes confused and banal. The dice are partly loaded - but these are the breaks in the small budget arena. Rollin had always added Sex to his films to make them more commercially viable. But in 1974 he went one step further and got into hardcore. In the early 70's, he was struggling to make a buck, and his brand of horror and sex was suffering the Curse of Deep Throat. It seemed tease and titillation wasn't enough - now you had to go all the way and then some! **'Jeunes filles Impudiques'** was the first of a number of hardcore films Rollin got involved with or directed under the pseudonym of Michel Gentil. A reasonably extensive list of all the

Rollin Muff stuff will be provided in a follow-up feature, so hang on until then.

BLOOD SIPPERS FROM A BYGONE AGE

Yet despite the recession in the world of Horror, Rollin battled on to turn in one of his most poignant and lyrical films to date, **'Levres de Sang'** (1975). A sort of elegiac period piece about blood sippers, featuring washed-out colours, striking locations and an odd, haunting score, it's a moving and moody piece of sophisticated horror, and a far cry from the lurid stuff promised by the posters and publicity campaign.

Rollin's next return to form was **'Fascination'** (1979), a flick which featured Euro-Vixen Brigitte Lahaie swinging a scythe like the angel of death. It was another atmospheric piece which had its fair share of good moments, many of which featured the luscious Lahaie. After this he churned out a number of racy thrillers, zombie flicks and helped out with some technical advice on the excremental **'Zombie Lake'** (1980), neither Rollin or Franco



Typically French? Typically Rollin??

will take the blame for that Nazi
Zombie Stinker!

In the final analysis it would
seem that Rollin is too genteel a
dude to make a real no holds
barred horror film. The things that
move him are too delicate, too
sensitive and arty to really work
inside the commercial Horror film
system. Many of his friends are
artists and poets, some like
Druillet and Caza produced the
stunning posters which helped
sell his work abroad. Like any
French dabbler and filmmaker,
his real passions are the
mysterious, the nebulous - the
tasteful. All his films feature
intriguing looking architecture;
the same striking beach, cliffs and
stakes; the dreamy, pastoral semi
hypnotic images. It's all so French
that it's hardly surprising that it's
been frowned upon in his
homeland.

Before you look at his films and
get out the critical dagger, it's
worth bearing in mind just how
low the Rollin budget really was.
Sure, his films are patchy but the
good stuff shows a guy true to his
dreams, running with his desires -
and hell who likes to stone a
romantic and bring him down. It's
too easy and too obvious.

MONDO SANCHEZ

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1969 La Vampire Nue
1970 Le Frisson des Vampires
1971 Requiem pour un Vampire
1973 La Rose de Fer
Les Demoniques
1975 Levres de Sang
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An interview with a Professional Dominatrix

Ace reporter and supersleuth, the luscious Deena Schwartzbaum is our guide into the twilight world of the new York S/M prostitution scene. In March of this year she interviewed Barbara, a professional dominatrix, and what follows is a candid, warm and sometimes shocking glimpse into a forbidden and much derided area. This lengthy interview provides more than just a privileged peek - it's a rare chance to poke underneath the cliches and get a different type of perspective.

Barbara (not her real name) is a 37 year old divorcee who was born and raised in New York City. She has 2 Master's degrees and has lived and worked abroad as an art teacher, a systems analyst and a flight attendant, among other things. What makes her so unusual is that for the past 18 years, Barbara has worked steadily as a prostitute, a dominatrix to be exact.

Did you have a normal childhood?

I think so but that's hard to say. What's normal? (Laughter) You're asking me what's normal? My family is Jewish, but their interpretation of the religion is . . . atypical. They sort of make it up as they go along. I had to learn Hebrew, but I attended Public School, I wasn't encouraged to go to College. Of course, my parents probably felt that if I had married right after High School and just become a parasite on some man, you know, bore him a brat or two, that would have been fine.

Any deep, dark secrets of your childhood adolescence?

My parents both had substance abuse problems - always did. My father was an alcoholic and my mother is a Valium addict,

there were diet pills and downers around the house for me to experiment with in High School, and plenty of liquor around, which I started staying home from school to drink when I got depressed. I am an alcoholic but I think things have been under control for the last few years. I still like to smoke pot, but I limit that to a few times a year because I have a real problem with that. It's too expensive these days! Isn't that nuts? Coke is actually cheaper than pot! who'd have ever believed?! Must be some kind of Government plot.

What about boyfriends in high school?

Had none. I was too shy and too much of a nerd. My first lover was a woman. I was 18 and I met her at college.

Were you a dyke?

Completely. I found out that men were completely unnecessary, and I thank goddess for that to this day. My lover was jealous and possessive, and as I got curious about men, it tore us apart. I left her when I was 20. I was very open about being a dyke. I still feel that dykes are sisters and I could easily become one again, with no regrets.

You have two graduate degrees. Why?

I hate school, but I love education. Does that make sense? During those years when I was a straight hooker, I sought refuge in school. There was part of me that did that for the sake of appearance.

You mean that, if people asked you what you did for a living, you told them you were in school?

Exactly . . . I've always been a 'tringle'! (Laughter) I've always tried to maintain a straight life, straight jobs. I don't know why. I



held several lowlevel office jobs during undergraduate school - receptionist, secretary. I wasn't completely crazy, the jobs had medical benefits and stuff. It was a goof, pretending I gave a damn about my jobs when I was just there to keep up appearances! It made my family happier too. It did a lot for them.

You're not the first woman to do that, you know turn tricks on the side to make ends meet. No pun intended!

I know that! Straight job by day, Life at night. I didn't want to get into this. I hate men, I really do. Woman have to work harder. I try to even things up a bit, daily.

You specialise in beating and degrading men. I do, but I'm nice to them. (Laughter).

Describe your typical day.

Hard question - I get up, feed the cat and if it's a special occasion I have a glass of Champagne or I smoke a joint. then I go down to the stable and spend some time with my horse, I lease one.

How many slaves do you see a day?

(Laughter) A day?! I see maybe three a WEEK! Seriously, back ten years ago I saw ten or more a day, three or four days a week. About forty slaves a week.

Where do you work?

I keep an apartment in a nice neighbourhood in Brooklyn. I keep a low profile, dress normal and come and go at reasonable hours.

I didn't realise you only see about 3 clients a week.

Hey, over the years I've weeded out the wheat from the chaff so to speak! I only see maybe only one new slave a year. Most of my clients are older men, and face it they die eventually.

But you used to see thousands.

It's true, I did and I was taking chances, but I worked part-time in both a straight whorehouse and a kinky whorehouse in Manhattan for about four years, during the really hardcore period of my life, after my divorce.

I can't picture you as a straight hooker.

Oh but I was. I didn't look like that kind of girl. The lady who ran the straight house told me to be affectionate and a good lover to her clients. I was both and had a lot of good times. I'm not saying that I'm better than anyone. But I did have a lot of orgasms in those days! (Laughter) Most of the women I knew who were in the life had some dire pressing economic need to be doing that. I had some money from my divorce, so I didn't need the money that much. I did it mostly for fun!



A
Blibrew
snarling
she-cat.

What got you into professional S/M?

I'd known about the S/M scene since I was 18 and I was fascinated by the imagery in kinky magazines. To this day, I find S/M and bondage photos even more erotic than real life. So much left to the imagination!

Why did you work in an S/M house when you had your own practice going?

I stole a lot of my clients from the S/M house and "took them private". Also, I used to make a distinction between tricks and



my own slaves. I saw tricks mostly for money, but also because the orgasms I had with strangers were better, I was able to let loose more. If I beat a slave too hard and he bled and he was in a house it didn't bother me. I was nicer to my own private slaves, more concerned about the bruises they might take home to their wives. And sex was better with the strangers!

And now you only see private slaves. How much do you charge?

The price is fixed and never increases. Always \$500. I set this price almost 15 years ago, I think that's one of the reasons my slaves are so loyal, I usually ask them to cover unusual additional expenses, however . . . outfits, devices. I accept tips and extra gifts, too, although I don't expect them. A nice bottle of Champagne is always welcome!

You've gotten some really spectacular gifts.

Yes, let's not get into gifts though . . .

You are extremely nice and friendly to your slaves while an actual session is taking place.

I love many of my slaves. I really have emotional attachments to most of them. Also I think it makes the sessions better when both the dominatrix and slave realises that it will be over at some point in time. Things can get wilder during the actual session!

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In my opinion, your sessions are quite mild.
(Laughter) I'll punish you for that!! No really very few of my slaves want the shit beaten out of them. Most want erotic teasing, bondage and discipline. I want them to desire me and maybe love me. I want to tease them, deny them, hurt them, drive them crazy, satisfy them and keep as much of the upper hand as possible. . . . S/M lets me feel in control. I actually am in control, in almost all situations, at all times.

Describe a typical scene.

Hard to do but I'll try. Let's use Joe as an example. While the scene is taking place, he's only called 'slave' and that's all he is to me, but before and after the scene he's Joe. Joe has been seeing me since the beginning and is one of my favourites, because he'll take whatever I dish out. He never told me what HE wanted. If it was something new for him I'd break him in very, very slowly. I make him get naked and kneel on dried peas on a hard floor in a corner of the dungeon . . . It's an old-fashioned punishment.

I know it hurts, actually I've done it.

(Laughter) You slut! While he's doing this I prepare the torture devices, relax. Then I put a dog collar on him . . . I like to wear stockings, a garter-belt, a corset or cincher, a push-up bra, long kid gloves and make-up. I also like more complete outfits leather catsuits or rubber outfits, rubber stockings, rubber garter-belt, rubber panties (more like bloomers), a long rubber skirt, a rubber longline bra and rubber gloves. I sweat a lot in it. I like to poke at his penis with a riding crop, whipping it a little but not too hard. Next, I administer corporal punishment. This is a big favourite with me. An over the knee spanking, or maybe an actual all-out whipping, but I begin very slowly. Few slaves really get off on being beaten outright. In fact I like to never increase the pressure of the strokes. For the first one or two hundred strokes, it's a piece of cake. But after the second hundred strokes, it really starts to hurt like hell! I like a lot of squirming, struggling and begging. I also like to put a full leather hood on the slave and gag him so I can't hear any actual complaints. I do like to receive oral stimulation from a slave with his tongue, but only when the slave is tied spreadeagle on a bed, rack or floor, and only when he's hooded, collared and has been beaten. Go figure. I get my best orgasms this way. Tying a man up and using him this way turns me on no end. Sometimes I lose control of my bladder a little and give him a drink. This obviously has to do with some personal fetishes and hangups and maybe problems of my own, but it gets me off, so I don't dwell on it. The orgasms I get from this are like . . . lightning bolts. That's about it, as far as a typical scene . . . I like to make the slave masturbate himself to orgasm, perhaps while I prod him a bit with a crop and watch. It's also a lot of fun to keep a slave tied up for hours while I pretend to completely ignore him, although you can't really do that. You have to untie and move a slave to a new position every 30 minutes or so, its gets very dangerous and unhealthy.

Tell me about the times when they wanted something that was too heavy for you.

Ugh, I don't want to, mostly because I often went through with it anyway. One guy was really into cock torture and wanted a glass rod up his cock and cocaine put down the rod. I can't believe I participated in this, and I don't want to talk about it. Another guy wanted to be catheterized, but I ended up finding this extremely erotic. I've done a few piercings but am against that and it doesn't turn me on. I DO like to beat a guy's buns black and blue so it hurts to sit for a week. I confess!

What's in your future? You no longer have straight jobs?

I'm not greedy. 1,500 a week or so, off the books, is good enough for me. The older a dominatrix gets, usually the better. When I'm over 50, I'll charge more . . . I have no lover in my life and that's okay for now. I indulge in painting, writing and horseback riding! spend a full two months each year on vacation. I used to be involved in feminist politics, but I only ended up fighting. I don't want to fight. I'm a coward.

I want to live my life and be left alone.

DEENA SCHWARTZBAUM





**"BUT
CAN SHE
COOK?"**

AUCTION